



THE ANACONDA.

THE
NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

(Continued.)

I LOST no time in hastening to Van Derkel's. I offered his herdsman the whole sum in my possession, if he would assist me in driving the beasts under the palm-trees : but he shuddered at the proposal, and rejected my proffered gold. I was not yet discouraged. By his master's authority I promised him freedom, provided he would but venture so far, as to advance with the herd to the extremity of the little grove, which on the north side separated the hill from the open country. He hesitated ; again I prest him ; and at length he stammered out his consent, but in a voice so faint, and with a look of such irresolution, as soon convinced me, that I could place little dependance upon his promised help.

However, I at least neglected none of the means, which might contribute to our mutual safety : I caused the slaves to prepare with all diligence a couple of ma-

chines similar to those under which Zadi had performed his hazardous undertaking. Covered with these, we began to drive the cattle slowly before us ; and as the general agitation had caused them to be totally neglected by their keepers during their confinement in a place which afforded no herbage for their nourishment, hunger made them more obedient, than we should probably have otherwise found them—and thus did we advance towards the hill, though the little resolution of my companion evidently grew still less with every step which we took forwards. To encourage him, I bade him observe the tranquillity of the Anaconda, who had gradually withdrawn herself into her green shelter, so that we might almost have doubted her being really there.

“ That is the very thing which alarms me !” answered the trembling slave ; “ I am sure, that she has already discovered us, and now lurks concealed among the leaves, in order that she may make her prey more secure. Now then, not one step further will I advance ; what I have already ventured, is enough to merit liberty ; but at all events, I had rather pass

the rest of my days in fetters, than purchase my freedom by advancing a single step beyond this spot."

And with these words he hurried away. However, I was the less disturbed at his forsaking me, when I perceived, that without him I could manage to drive the cattle forwards, and that no natural instinct made them aware of the neighbourhood of their enemy. It was not long before we arrived at the hill-foot. I was now obliged to leave the animals to their own guidance : feeling themselves no longer annoyed by my goad, they gave way to the impulse of hunger, and dispersing themselves carelessly, began to feed upon the welcome herbage : but how great was my joy at perceiving the bull separate himself from the rest of the herd, and begin to ascend the hill. We arrived near the groupe of palm-trees ; every thing was hushed and tranquil : not a sound was to be heard, except the noise of the scattered branches, as the bull trampled them beneath his feet : the Anaconda seemed to have disappeared altogether.

But on a sudden, a loud and rattling rush was heard among the palms, and with a single spring the snake darted down like a thunder-clap, and twisted herself with her whole body round her devoted victim. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlap enclosed between the wide-expanded jaws of

the monster, and her teeth struck into it deeply. Roaring aloud, he endeavoured to fly, and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards away with him ; but instantly she coiled herself round him in three or four wide folds, and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the terrors and pangs of death. The first noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining cattle to flight.

Unequal as was the strife, still it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground, and endeavoured to crush the enemy with his weight ; now he swelled every nerve, and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped ; he shook himself violently ; he stamped ; he bit ; he roared ; he pawed up the earth ; he foamed at the mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But with every moment the Anaconda's teeth imprinted on his flesh new wounds : with every moment she drew her folds tighter and tighter : till after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length and breathless, totally deprived of motion and of life.

Now then I expected to see the Anaconda gratify the hunger, by which she had so long been tormented: but I was ignorant, that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the murdered bull made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned from the snake's proceedings, the necessity which there was for her always remaining in the neighbourhood of some large tree.

She again seized the bull with her teeth, and dragged it to the foot of the stoutest Palm. Here she endeavoured to place it upright, leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and the carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer, till she had broken every individual bone in her victim's body into a thousand pieces, and had actually reduced it into a shapeless mass of flesh. She was still occupied in this manner, when I hastened back to the mansion-house, to rejoice Louisa and Zadi with the assurance of my success.

The roaring of the bull had already prepared the latter for my tidings. He limped to meet me at the door, in spite of his bodily agonies, and overpowered me with thanks and benedictions. He also informed me, that the expected succours from Columbo were at length arrived, and that a physician

had accompanied them. I immediately requested to see the latter, and commissioned him to impart the good news of Seafield's approaching deliverance to Louisa with such precautions, as might prevent her enfeebled constitution from suffering, through excess of joy. I also recommended Zadi to his care, and then hastened back to complete my work; Zadi having assured me that it was absolutely necessary to watch for the moment, when the Anaconda should have swallowed her prey, and be enervated or overcome by the torpor of indigestion.

"You will be in no want of assistants," he added, "my fellow-servants are all ready to accompany you, not only because I have succeeded in convincing them, that danger is now at an end, but because among the natives of Ceylon, the flesh of the Anaconda is looked upon as a most delicious food."

In fact, on entering the courtyard, I found the whole body of domestics, women and children as well as men, prepared for the attack, with clubs, hatchets, and every sort of weapon, which had offered itself to their hands. The party from Columbo were well provided with ammunition; and we now all set joyfully forwards for the hill, though on approaching it, we judged it as well still to use some little precaution.

I advanced beyond the rest,

The Anaconda had by this time entirely covered the carcase with her slime, and was in the very act of gorging this monstrous morsel. This task was not accomplished without violent efforts ; a full hour elapsed, before she had quite finished her dreadful meal ; at length the carcase was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared ! Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up impotent and defenceless, a prey even to the least formidable foe.

I hasten to conclude this long and painful tragedy. I discharged my musket at the monster at a moderate distance. This time the ball struck her close by her eye. She felt herself wounded : her body swelled with spite and venom, and every stripe of her variegated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colors. But as to revenging herself upon her assailant, of that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm-trees, but sank down upon the grass, motionless and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting, and clamours of

joy. We all at once attacked her and she soon expired under a thousand blows ; but I did not wait to witness this catastrophe.—A dearer interest occupied my mind. I hastened with all speed to the pavilion, and knocked loudly at the door, which was fastened within.

Seafield ! my friend ! I exclaimed, 'tis I ! 'tis Everard ! Open ! open ! I bring you life and liberty."

A minute past—another—and still I listened in vain for an answer.—Had fatigue overpowered him ? Was he asleep, that he answered not ?—I knocked again ; I spoke a second time, and louder—I listened so attentively, that I could have distinguished the humming of a gnat within the pavilion—Heaven and earth !—was it possible, that after all, I had come too late ?—the thought was distraction !—I snatched an axe from one of the slaves, and after a few blows, the pavilion door flew open.

I rushed into the room, and looked eagerly round for my friend—I found him—Oh ! Heavens !—his eyes were closed—his cheeks pale—every feature of his noble countenance so changed, that he was scarcely to be recognised ! He lay extended in his arm-chair, and the noise of our entrance seemed to rouse him from a long stupor. He saw me ; a faint smile played round his wan lips, while he attempted to stretch out his hand to me, but it sank

down again with weakness ; I threw my arms round him, and prest him to my heart in an agony of joy.

"You are safe !" I endeavoured to say ; but the attempt to repress my gushing tears choked my voice and the sounds were unintelligible.

"Yes !" said he, with difficulty, "this is being a friend indeed !—But tell me ? Louisa ?"

She lives and expects you, I replied ; come, come, my friend ! rouse yourself ! Make an effort, and shake off this lethargy ! Look upon your danger as no more than a frightful dream, and awake to the real happiness which awaits you !

"It waits not for me !" he answered faintly ; "I have received my death warrant in this chamber. My minutes are counted !—Louisa—Oh ! bear me to Louisa !"

[*To be concluded next week.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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MADAME TALLIEN.

In Continuation.

IT must also be confessed that a nation vicious to the highest degree before the revolution, had not improved its morals since ; and that the fair sex in France naturally coquettes, vain, dashing, and bold,

were much more inclined towards the naked than towards the covered or clothed system. Nakedness, absolute nakedness and nothing but nakedness, was therefore seen at the play-houses, at the opera, at the concerts, routs, and in public walks as well as in private assemblies. When one lady left off a *fichue*, another laid aside a petticoat. When one uncovered her arms, another exposed her legs or thighs. Had the progress of stripping continued a little longer in the same proportion, it is very probable that most French ladies would in some months have reduced themselves to be admired, envied, or blamed, as the Eves of the eighteenth century.

But Madame Tallien did not enjoy undisturbed the dictatorship of the fashions ; envious, seditious, or facetious rivals often opposed her. Among these Madame de Beauharnois, the gay widow of the guillotined viscount of the same name, was most ingenious and most active, though at first not the most apprehended. Having better shaped thighs than well formed arms, the pride of Madame Tallien, she, under a clear muslin gown, put on flesh coloured satin pantaloons, leaving off all petticoats, but at the same time lowering the sleeves of her gowns to her elbows, whose long elastic gloves of grenoble combined to conceal even her clumsy fingers. Madame Tallien, in her turn, wore gowns without sleeves ; and to distract the notice of amateurs from the flesh-coloured pan-

talcoons, affixed borders of large Brussels lace, not only to her white silk petticoat, but to her chemises. These fashionable contrarieties entertained many and scandalised few of the republican beaux and belles, though the partisans of short sleeves lampooned those of long gloves, and the cabal of under-petticoats wrote epigrams on the motives of the wearers of pantaloons. Every thing remained unsettled, and civil war by many judged inevitable, when a certain situation of the Viscountess Dowager de Beauharnois made her resort to false bellies, which were immediately accompanied by Madame Tallien's artificial *queues*. Both extremes therefore met, and caused a cessation of hostilities, and the conclusion of a treaty of neutrality; and the year 1795 passed over without further disturbances or innovations.

When during 1796 fortune had crowned her new sans-culotte husband, Bonaparte, with success in Italy, the viscountess was tempted to encroach on, and even to infringe, preceding engagements. Until the peace of Campo Formio, when the Parisians saluted Madame Bonaparte as *Notre Dame de Victoires*, and abused Madame Tallien as *Notre Dame de Septembre*, the former had not many or great advantages; but then the latter, under pretence of ill-health, prudently withdrew from the scene of contest. As soon, however, as the glorious victory of Lord Nelson at Aboukir was

known at Paris, Madame Tallien shewed herself perfectly recovered, entered the lists with fresh vigour, and obliged her proud rival not only to shift her quarters, but to change her colours. That year, 1798, a third and dangerous pretender started up in the elegant person of the celebrated Madame Recamier, whose appearance was sufficient to transform rivals into allies. She, however, more from prudence and modesty than from fear of the formidable veteran forces of her opposers, soon made an honorable retreat, and tranquillity has rewarded her sacrifice of vanity.

In November, 1799, after Bonaparte had usurped the supreme authority in France, Madame Tallien, from a certain coqueness attended with certain airs of hauteur, concluded that the wife of an upstart, who endured neither an equal nor a superior, would not long respect treaties which put her on a level with a person whom she considered not only as an inferior, but as a subject. She therefore made overtures to Madame Recamier for forming a common league against a common foe. While their plenipotentiaries were discussing, the battle of Marengo occurred, and broke off all further conferences; and had not another intruder, Madame Murat, presented herself, Madame Bonaparte would have been as much the undisputed sovereign of toilets as her husband is of cabinets.

A republican writer thus complains of Madame Tallien's fashionable *incivisme*: "Possessed of an ample income, the whole of which is at her own command, she indulges in all the extravagance of dress and decoration. One day her shoulders, chest, and legs, are bare; on the next they are adorned with festoons of gold chains, while her head sparkles with diamonds; and instead of the simplicity of a Roman matron, she constantly exhibits all the ostentatious luxury of a Persian sultana. France may be termed a commonwealth, but these surely are not republican manners befitting the wife of one of the most eminent of her citizens." The author should have added, that this eminent citizen then resided in a simple cottage, of which the furniture alone cost four thousand louis d'ors. As to French republican manners, are they not nearly connected with drowning, shooting, massacreing, murdering, proscribing, and plundering? Society has suffered but little from Madame Tallien's vanity, while humanity will for ever deplore and condemn the barbarous excesses of the most eminent citizen, Tallien, her republican husband.

(To be continued.)

A *Buck*, in the boxes of the theatre, on Wednesday evening, was soundly thrashed by a person present for his insolence, when the former said, "I will be sworn you are no *gentle-man*."

SHYLOCK'S ARGUMENT FOR USURY.

"*Antonio*. Did he take interest?

Shylock. No, not take interest; not as you would say,

Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised,

That all the earnings which were streaked and pied,

Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,

In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall party-colored lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Act 1, Scene 3.

MR. EDITOR,

Shylock's justification of usury, where he appeals to the history of Laban and Jacob, in vindication of his treatment of Antonio, is certainly very plausible, and is likely to operate with some force on the minds of those, who, in support of their own misdeeds, are apt to search for any solitary instance of improper conduct, in those who have generally been esteemed for integrity.

The learned Father Calmet, in his commentary on the passage of scripture which Shakspeare alludes to, makes the following observations. "It is objected, that *Jacob* used a kind of trick to out-wit *Laban*. No doubt but *Laban* understood the bargain, between him and *Jacob*, in the most obvious and natural sense, in which *Jacob* was to yield to him all lambs and kids, produced white, and reserved to himself only the black ones, or partly coloured; and instead of honestly pursuing this intention, he has recourse to an artifice unknown to *Laban*, and of which he had no suspicion, to make the greater part of the young fall to his own share. This appears directly contrary to the rules of honesty.—It signifies nothing, to say that *Jacob* had a right to do himself justice against the encroachments and iniquity of *Laban*, who, during many years, had made him no recompence for the services he had done him; because, according to true morality, nobody is to make himself judge in his own cause, nor to assume the office of doing himself justice. Besides, in strictness, what did *Laban* owe to *Jacob*? Had he not obliged himself to serve *Laban* fourteen years for his two daughters? After this term was ended, *Jacob* might withdraw. But the best argument in *Jacob's* vindication is, that God himself approved his conduct, and suggested this method to him by an angel."

The reply of *Anthonia* to *Shy-*

lock appears perfectly conformable to the opinion of *Calmet*. He answers him thus,

"This was a venture, sir, that *Jacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven."

It appears, then, that the immortal bard, to his other excellencies, added that of possessing, in this instance at least, a critical knowledge of the sacred writings.

D. D.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

WITH pleasing and grateful emotions have I often observed the exalted effusions of your pen, in past volumes of the *Miscellany*, and regret that it should be deprived of one of its greatest ornaments.

Why do you cease to adorn those pages with sentiments which please, refine, and elevate the soul, and gives a loved idea of the Heaven which you describe, beyond this sensual, mortal state? Is your fund exhausted? Surely not; from such a mind, and such an eternal subject of contemplation, as the "pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ," and the heavenly regions, must flow an inexhaustible source!

But, probably, ere this you are in a distant clime : if not, let me entreat you to favour us again with your sweetly soothing and sublime ideas !

EVELINA.

NATURAL HISTORY
OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

(Continued.)

SERPENTS.

"In the Savannah of Iracubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen ; and although it be not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages ; for I chose to traverse the country in various directions, and to skirt the great forest. One of the negroes, who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, "Here, Sir, come see serpents in pile."—He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the Savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, this is certainly one of those assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest ; I have heard talk of these, but have never seen any ; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near. We continued our way slowly ; I fixed my eyes on the pyramid, which appeared immov-

able. When we were within ten or twelve paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however none of us were inclined.

"On a sudden the pyramidal mass became agitate ; horrible hissings issued from it, and thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts, and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back ; but when I saw that this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy from every side. I then sought, as I had done with regard to the ant-hills, what could be the design of this monstrous assemblage ; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded, like the ants, some colossean enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the *cayman*, and that they re-unite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him *en masse*.

"On this occasion, I shall hazard an opinion which I found on several other observations ; it is, that the animals in the new world are more advanced than the men to developing their instinct, and in the social combinations of which they are susceptible ; the silence and the solitude of the woods,

leaving the greatest liberty to all their motions, the individuals of the same species easily meet ; and those species which are the best organized feel, without doubt, that impulsion of a common interest which announces and provokes to the same end, the concurrence of all their means ; but after having acknowledged in animals different degrees of intelligence, such as memory, deliberation, will, we are reduced to mere conjectures as to their means of communication. It is certain, that those which possess the organs of voice have their cries of alarm, of rallying, of love, and of anger ; and may they not also have those requisite to combine their chaces, to distribute the posts of attack and defence, the different labours for their common constructions, as well as for supplying their common habitations with necessaries ? Can we conceive that beavers cut down great trees, drag them to the river, form and plant piles, beat mortar, build their lodge without speaking to, or understanding each other ? Wherever there are different parts, and a common or general direction, there is police and government. We are not yet acquainted with the legislative power of bees and wasps, although we are so with their executive power ; and who knows but what their humming and buzzing, monotonous to our gross organs, have not the variety of accent necessary for the promulgation and the execution of their laws ? As to

those species which are, or appear to be dumb, like ants, it was enough for me to have seen their vast capital, to be convinced that their population (which must be twice as considerable as that of Pekin, which was in 1793, estimated at three millions of inhabitants,) understands itself and is governed infinitely better than the empire of China.

“ It is difficult that the spectacle of so many wonders should not inspire us with a religious sentiment for their Divine Author, who has willed that, in the midst of all animated beings, there should be one superior to all the others, and marked with a celestial seal, that of conscience.”

VARIETY.

EPITAPH

On the late BOYLE GODFREY, the celebrated Chymist.

Written by himself.

Here lieth to digest,
Macerate and amalgamate,
With clay,

In balneo areno stratum,
Super Stratum,

The residuum caput mortuum of
BOYLE GODFREY,
Chymist,

A man who, in his early labours,
Tried various processes to obtain
The arcanum vitæ or
secret of life ;

But, alchymist like,
ALL his various projects,
Like Mercury in the fire,

Evaporated in fume.

Full 70 years was his exalted essence
Hermetically sealed in its

Terrene Matrass ;

But the radical moisture being exhaled,

The elixir vitae spirit,

Exsiccated to a cuticle,

could no longer suspend in its vehicles

But precipitated per campanum to it,
original dust.

May that light,

Brighter than the Bolognian phosphorus,

Preserve him from the

Athanor cucurbit & reverberating furnace

of the other world,

Highly deplete him from the farces

and scorial of this,

AND

Place him upon a chrystalline orb,

Among the elect of the

FLOWERS OF BENJAMIN,

Never more to be saturated until the

Resuscitation, calcination,

Consummation and conflagration

of all things.

—
An Irish writer says, while cloth is rising in price, *Whiskey* is experiencing a proportionate fall: therefore, what we pay for the *coat* we shall save in the *lining*.

—
Dominico the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

—
LET the object of love be careful to lose none of its loveliness,

ON VIRTUE.

Be assured that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the highest parts without probity or honor. Whether science or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art ; with reputation in every branch of fair and useful business ; with distinction in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character ; the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious dishonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men.

ANECDOTE OF DONNA CARO.

Aunt of the Marquis de la Romana.

During the war at the beginning of the French revolution, this con-

rageous lady used to attend her husband, general Don Ventura Caro, who commanded the Spanish army in the neighbourhood of Yron. At the beginning of an engagement, this lady was accustomed to take her stand on the battery of San Carlos, wherein was erected the signal post for the left wing of the army. She held the telescope in her hand, thro' which she viewed her husband, whilst he exposed himself to the firing as a common soldier; neither the firing of twelve twenty-four pounders which were placed around her, nor the bombs which fell beside her, could move her; the telescope never trembled in her hand. In the intervals of hostility, she employed herself in visiting the hospitals, and contributing to allay the distresses of the sick and wounded. Such an instance of courage and benevolence is scarcely to be paralleled. She preferred witnessing the conflicts and the fate of her husband, to the anxiety of mind she knew she must have suffered till she could have heard it from others. The Marquis de la Romana at that time commanded a post called *Casa fuerte* (the strong-house.)

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From a London paper.

REMARKABLE FUNERAL.

On Sunday last was interred in the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the remains of Hugh Hewson, who died at the advanced age of 85. The deceased is a man

of no mean celebrity, though no funeral escutcheons adorned his hearse, or heir expectant graced his obsequies. He was no less a personage than the identical Hugh Strap, whom Dr. Smollet has rendered so conspicuously interesting in his life and adventures of Roderick Random, and for upwards of forty years, had kept a hair-dresser's shop in the above parish. The deceased was a very intelligent man, and took delight in recounting the adventures of his early life. He spoke with pleasure of the time he passed in the service of the Doctor, and it was his pride, as well as boast, to say that he had been educated in the same seminary with so learned and distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances, the several scenes in Roderick Random, pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the Doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in a barber's shop, at Newcastle-upon-tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, were all of that description. We understand the deceased has left behind him an interlined copy of Roderick Random, pointing out these facts, shewing how far they were indebted to the genius of the Doctor, and to what extent they were bottomed in reality. The deceased could

never succeed in gaining more than a respectable subsistence by his trade, but he possessed an independence of mind superior to his humble condition. Of late years he was employed as keeper of the Promenade in Villier's walk, Adelphi, and was much noticed and respected by the inhabitants who frequented that place.

To Correspondents.

I cannot give place to the communication of J. P. as it at present stands. However willing I may be to oblige, I will not knowingly wound the feelings of any one, more especially of a distinguished correspondent who I am not certain that I have not already unintentionally offended. If J. P. will make certain material alterations, his effusion shall have a ready insertion in the Miscellany.

First poetic Effusion, by a correspondent, is inadmissible. His prose writings may answer, but with even the principles of poetry he appears to be unacquainted.

CHEVIOT will excuse my omitting *The Smile* this week. It shall have precedence next.

Those of our friends at a distance, who have not yet paid for the 8th volume of the Miscellany, are respectfully requested to do so. Six months is a long credit for so small a sum. Our patrons are also reminded of the advance money for the 9th.

MARRIED,

On the 7th inst. by the rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Wm. S. Clarke, to Miss Catharine E. Giltzow, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Jacob Sutphen, to Miss Mary Inglis, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Monday last, by the rev. Mr. Filthis, Mr. Richard Smith, merchant, to Miss Sarah Davis, both of Setaket, Long-Island.

At New-Orleans, George W. Morgan, Esq. Treasurer of that territory, to Miss Sarah Nicholson, of Philadelphia.

At Ipswich, Mr. Mark Ross, aged nineteen, to the blooming Miss Betsey Reelock, aged seventy!

By the rev. Mr. McCormick, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Catharine Way, both of Alexandria.

DIED,

At Washington, Francis Malbone, Esq. a Senator from the state of Rhode Island. He dropped down on his way to attend divine service at the capitol, and immediately expired.

On Wednesday last, deeply regretted, Mrs. Young, daughter of Mr. John Utt.

On Sunday last, in the 30th year of her age. Mrs. Christina Seger, wife of Mr. William Seger, merchant of this city.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Thomas Paine, author of the "Age of Reason, &c. &c."

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 31 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



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The following lines, which were accidentally mislaid, are the conclusion of CHEVIOT'S *April-fool-day*, a poem. Hoping they will lose nothing by being so long withheld, I now with pleasure present them to our readers.

APRIL-FOOL-DAY.

A Poem.

BY CHEVIOT.

(Concluded.)

BEWARE, my muse, nor tempt my inclination,
To praise, or blame, our mild administration,
*Who dare in strains satiric sing ;
Or load our rulers with reproach and blame,
The press deprive of liberty." What shame !
Nor dare to libel !—no such thing !
The party editors—no venom spit,
So true, so true, they dare not lie a bit.
Now were my muse inclin'd to raise my glory,
With politics, I would not interfere,
No farther than to make appear
The latent brevities of a pretty story.*

A Yankey—master of a little brig,
Did not regard Embargo laws a fig,
In hopes to get to sea, he hoists his sail,
But meets a Gun Boat in his rout,

And orders thunder, "launch your boat,
And come on board, you rascal, without fail."
And so he did—the Yankey's are all bold—
Stop ! their characteristic, I'll unfold ;
They are too prudent, very shy,
Cunning, artful, deliberate, and cool ;
But hide beneath the cap of fool,
A *cursed*, knavish physiognomy.
The Yankey boards the Gun Boat,
and demands,
With awkward bow, the Captain's dread command.
"Where are your papers ?—What ! not got 'em ?"
The Yankey frighten'd, cri'd or canted,
"Could not tell what your honor wanted,
Had you but told me, sir, I'b bro't 'em."
The captain goes below, to eat his dinner,
And leaves a Yankey there ! Oh ! what a sinner ! !
He stares about—observes the gun,
"By Gum what's that great stick of brass ?"
"A cannon," said the men, "a Gun you ass."
He seem'd at first the *plaguy* thing to shun.
They did not heed the "foolish ape,"
Who only had *assum'd* that shape.
And came prepar'd, with rat-tail-file,
To spike the gun, and watch'd the lucky minute ;
He finds the priming-hole, and drove it in it,
Acting so very foolish all the while.
The Captain comes on deck and bids him go,
And get his papers, without more ado,
And so he did, the Yankeys all are bold :
Approaching near his brig, a signal gives,
The men with shouts the anchor heaves,
The canvass loosen, and the sails unfold.

The Gun Boat marks their motions,
 "what's a doing,
 Vast there, a-vast, where are you
 going,"

"To sea, your honour, where else be-
 think you."

"Heave too, you rascals, else I'll sink
 you ;

Remember you are fairly warn'd,
 Men take your stations—now how erch
 They touch, and prime, and prime, and
 flash,

The Yankey, passing, cries, "fire and
 be damn'd—

'Tis thus the Yankey's with malicious
 grin,

Delight "to take the natives in."

And now, Miss Clio, let the bard,
 From dark obscurity to brilliant fame,
 No more attempt to climb—he is so
 lame—

'Tis drudgery!—'tis hard!—'tis very
 hard.

Whoever hopes to climb the hill by
 frippery,
 Will find said hill confounded slippery,
 So Madam, let me humbly walk below,
 Nor mount Apollo's pagasus, for fear
 He'll kick, and toss me in the air,
 And leave me to lament my overthrow.

CHEVIOT.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

MR. EDITOR,

In offering the following beau-
 tiful lines for insertion in your interest-
 ing Miscellany, I should feel confident
 of their pleasing reception by yourself
 and readers, even could I not preface
 them with the recommendation of being
 the production of American genius—
of a child in the eleventh year of his
age. From the poetical talent, and his-
 torical knowledge displayed by this
 youth so early in life, the intensity of

his study, and his continued application,
 he promises fair to become an honour
 to his country. Your insertion of them
 will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

ON THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

LO ! Etna burns—the lightning's vivid
 glare

Shoots through the flames, that o'er
 her craters flare !

Lo ! heaps on heaps, the rolling smoke
 descends,

While raging fire her inmost cavern
 rends.

Now boils the Lava, and the mountains
 face

O'erwhelms, and then invades its crag-
 gy base :

It seeks the ocean, and attacks the
 waves—

Attack'd by fire, the madd'ning ocean
 raves.

It first recoils, then rushes in a storm,
 The liquid fires assume a solid form ;

Now brave the tempest—lift their heads
 on high,

And all the roaring winds, and Nep-
 tune's rage defy.

Meantime the rocking lands confess the
 power

Of him whose trident awes the sea-beat
 shore ;

Trees, houses, cities, towers, and vine-
 yards crown'd

With purple stones, lie level with the
 ground.

The poor inhabitant beholds his train

Of oxen, sheep, and goods, his shep-
 herd swain,

And wife and child lie breathless on the
 plain.

See the white waves, and Etna's fire
 unite,

With fainting nature to renew the fight ;
 Charybdis here, there Scylla beats the

shore,

And all Trinacria trembles at the roar.

TO EVELINA.

Yes, Evelina! thou hast touch'd the
string
That wakes to agony my aching
heart,
Nor can thy soothing lays one joy
impart—

One consolation bring—

Ingratitude, that foe to all my peace,
Has stifled in my breast
Each hope of future rest
With power despotic that can never
cease.

I was not forc'd to leave Britannia's
shore,
Yet, Evelina, here I hop'd to meet
A calm serene retreat,
That might all former joys again restore.
But fate has all my paths so rudely
cross'd,
My hopes are wreck'd, my peace forever
lost;

That joy and I must sever,
For here in fair Columbia's smiling land,
Even here, Ingratitude, with savage
hand,
Has crush'd my hopes forever.

Yet in those moments when despair is
calm,
Thy friendly lays shall be a sovereign
balm,
Shall resignation to my soul impart,
And still the tumults of this throbbing
heart.

Julia Francesca.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

By the Reverend Dr. John Ogilvie.

'Twas when the slow declining ray,
Had ting'd the cloud with ev'ning gold,
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold,

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd
Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring swain,

Calm peace compos'd his musing mind,
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

Hail INNOCENCE! celestial maid!
What joys thy blushing charms re-
veal!

Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.

On thee attends a radiant choir,
Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest:
With Love, that prompts the warbling
lyre,
And Hope, that soothes the throbbing
breast.

O sent from heaven to haunt the grove,
Where squinting Envy ne'er can come
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd;
Serene as Heaven's unsullied light,
And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

Grant, Heavenly Power! thy peaceful
sway

May still my ruder thoughts control;
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to soothe the melting soul!

Far in the shady sweet retreat,
Let thought beguile the lingering hour;
Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bower!

Let dove-eyed peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
While night's sweet warbler from the
bough,
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,
Let each consenting passion move;
Let angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be love!

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